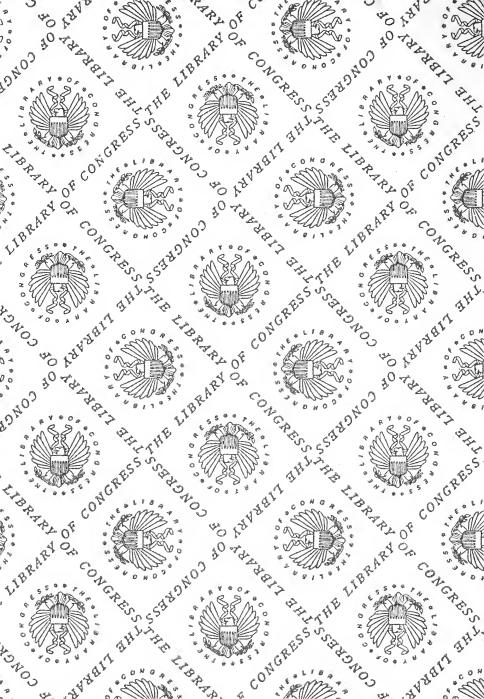
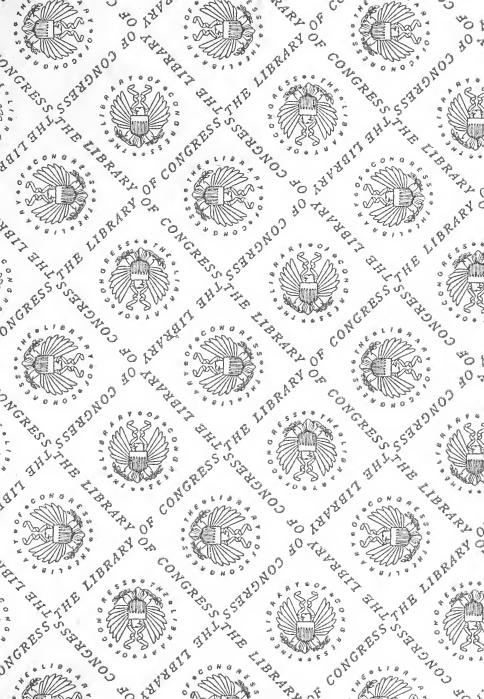
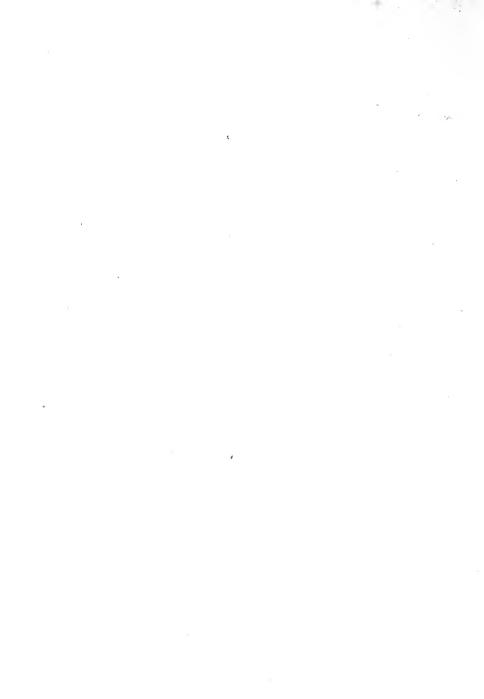
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HOME MADE RHYMES

By E. Laurence Lee



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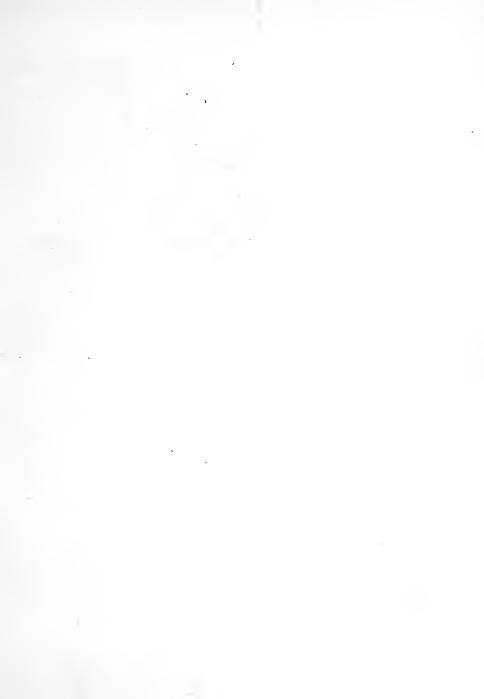
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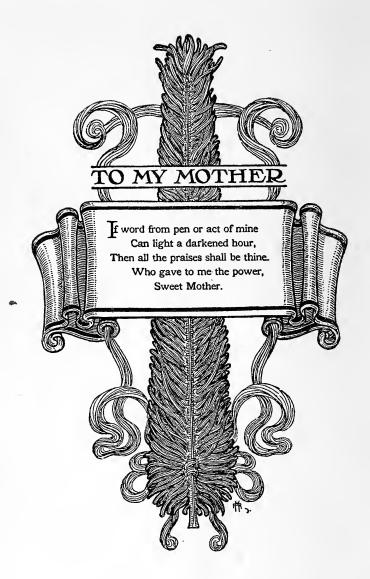
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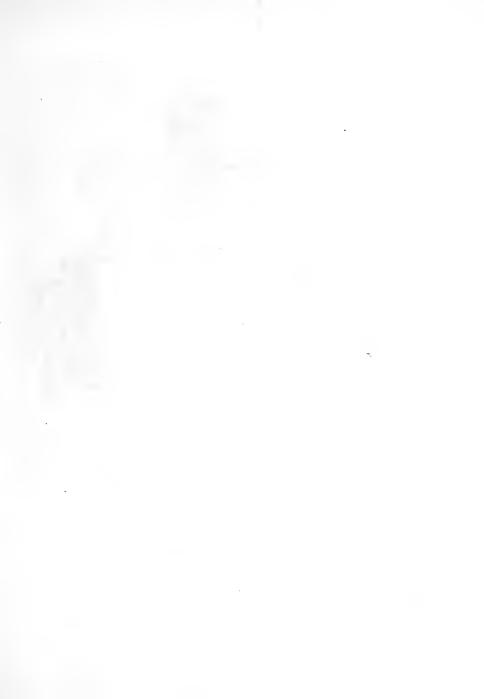


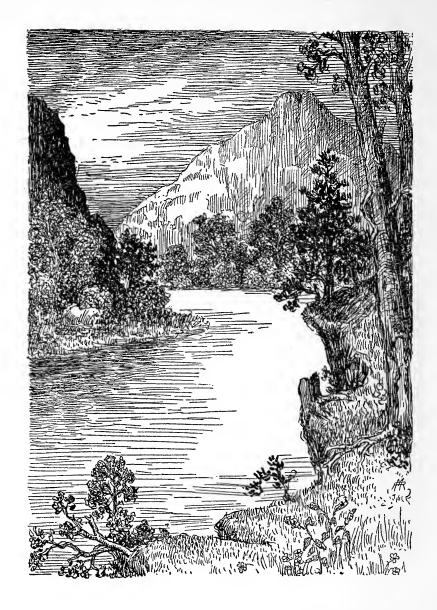


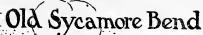
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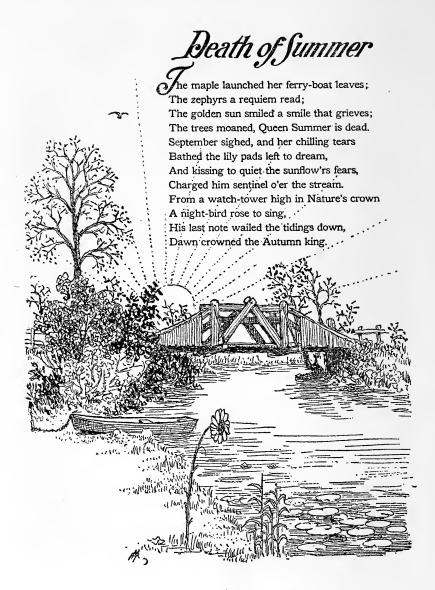


And the sentinel bluffs turn gold,
I am reading again in Miami's old face
A mirror'd youth of old.
So I sink 'neath the spell of memory sweet
To the bank, and follow the trend
Of the song Miami is singing complete,
To old Nature at Sycamore Bend.

Where the sheidpokes qwak 'neath the sunflow'rs bloom,
And the pelican wades the stream,
Where the riffles join in the grand old tune,
And butterflys pause to dream,
While the birds in the trees near old Butter-nut spring
Are cracking their throats in sweet blend,
And silently nodding the wild flowers fling

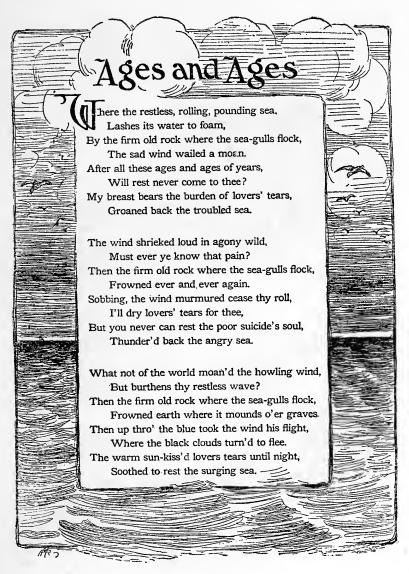
Sweet perfume 'round Sycamore Bend.

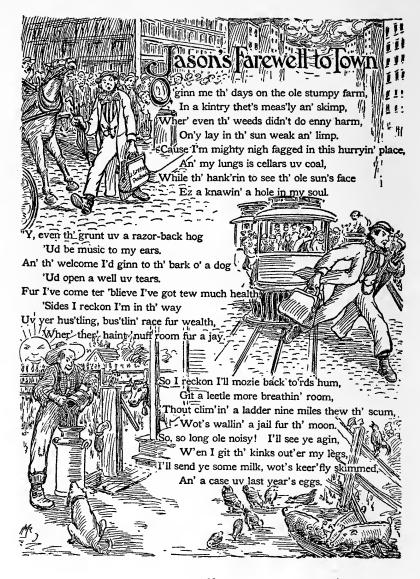
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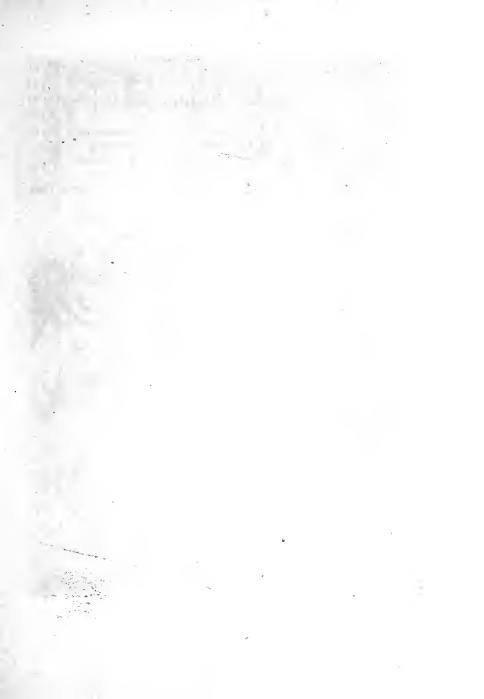


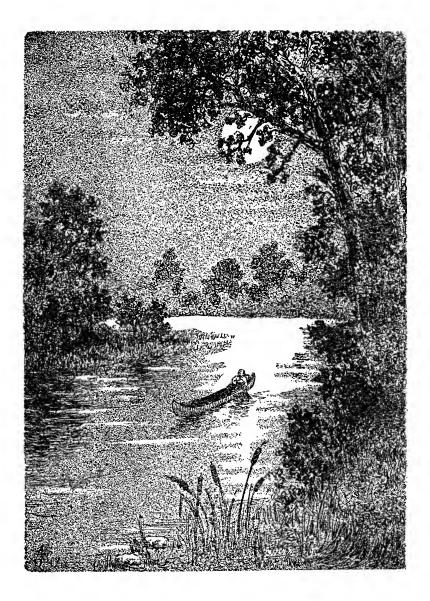














TO BEN KING

Silently floating along,
Ben King,

The river—your river St. Jo.

Drifting away to the same old song

Of a nature you used to know,

Learning to find in that love,

Ben King.

You held for the dear old stream,
That the water, the trees and sky above
Were the soul of your grand old theme.

Quietly drifting to-night,

Ben King,

I dream with your soul in mine, While true to the tryst, the same moonlight Peeps into old haunts of thine.

Ah! was it not here at Ox Bow,

Ben King,

The beauteous dream grew bright?

And your soul was caught in life's undertow,

To be borne thro' the long still night.

Slowly creeping the dawn,

Ben King,

Is silv'ring the stream's broad face. I awake and the dream is gone,

Ben King,

And things of the clay take its place. But we've lived it again, you and I,

Ben King,

Your beautiful dream to the sea, Alone on the river St. Jo 'neath the sky, Soul in soul, Ben King, with thee.









shes to ashes and dust to dust,"
So reads the law of old

That for ages has stood thro' the mold and must
As time gathers more souls to the fold.

Now one is quickened, then stilled in his turn
For the while, leaving nothing but pain;

Tho' loved ones will suffer, comes peace when we learn

Tho' loved ones will suffer, comes peace when we learn
That the rose may be colored again!

As the sunshine from God brings life to the rose, So life blooms for the time. Grand in its beautiful, flow'ring repose,

Sweet in its fragrance and color sublime, 'Till the Autumn of love withers the heart

And lays low the full bloom to the rain.

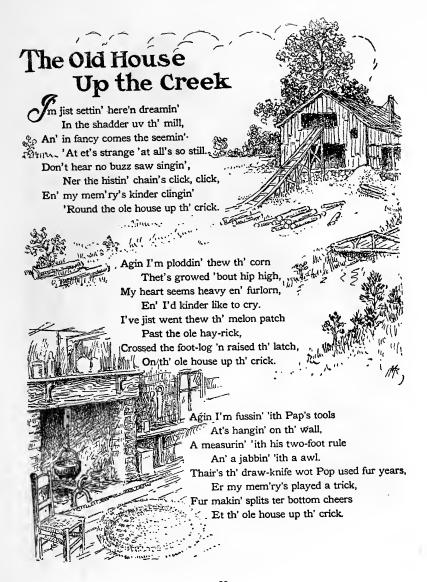
Tho' drooping and bleeding, from all rent apart,

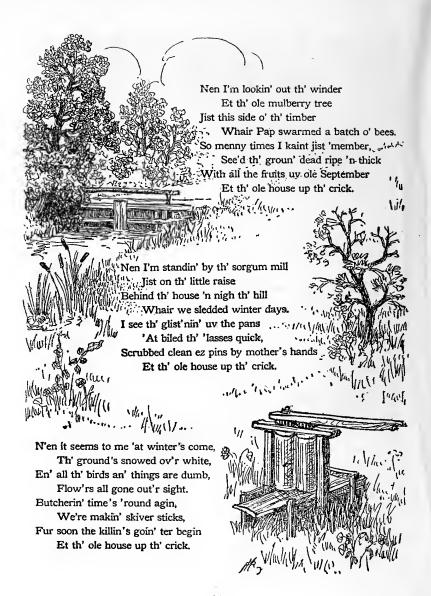
Still the rose may be colored again.

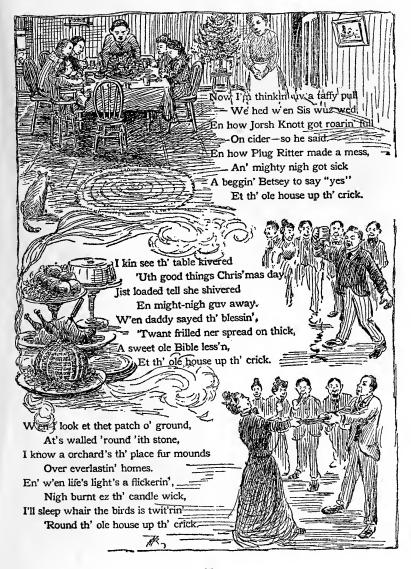




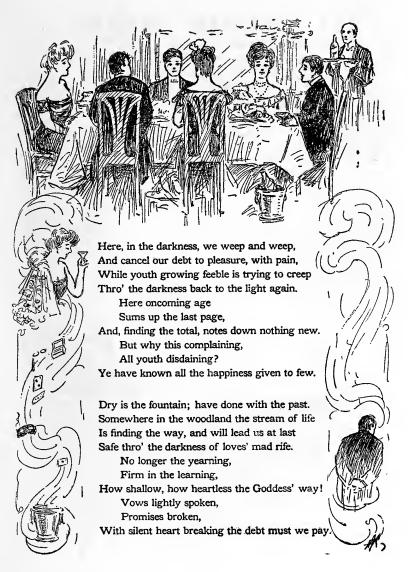


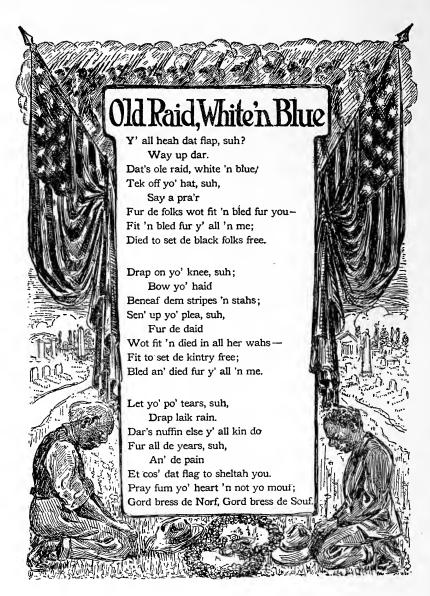


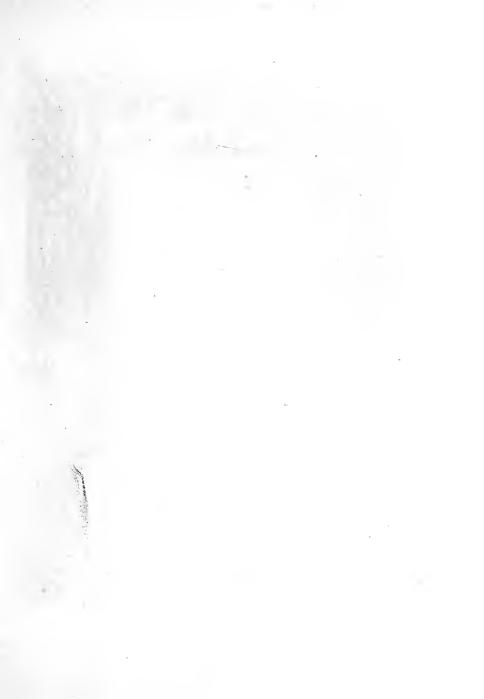


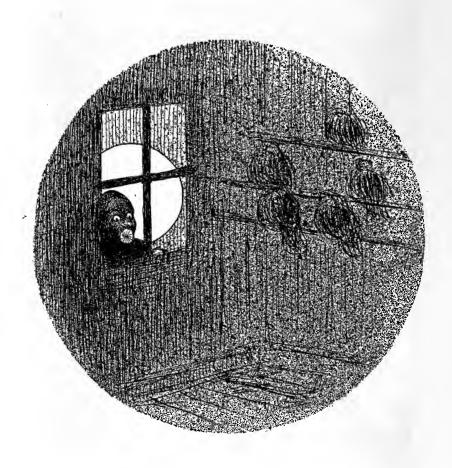


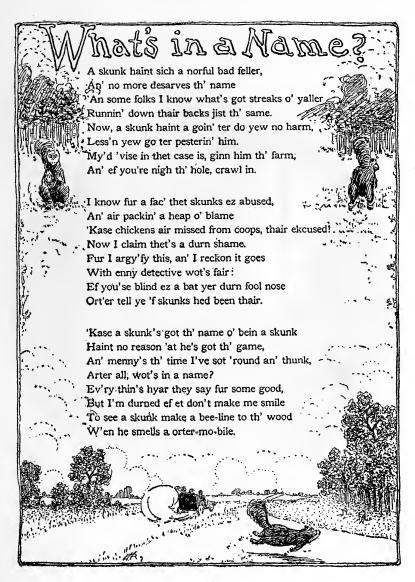


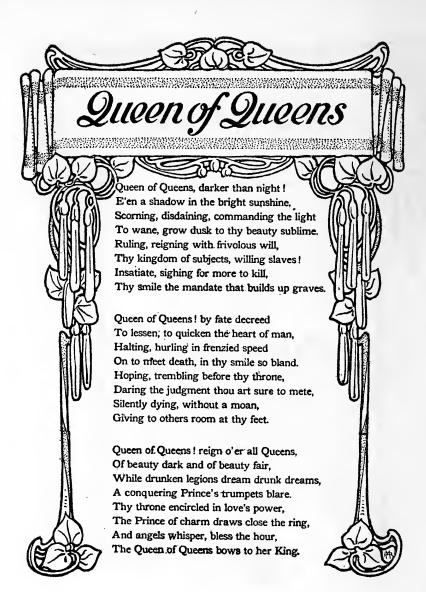


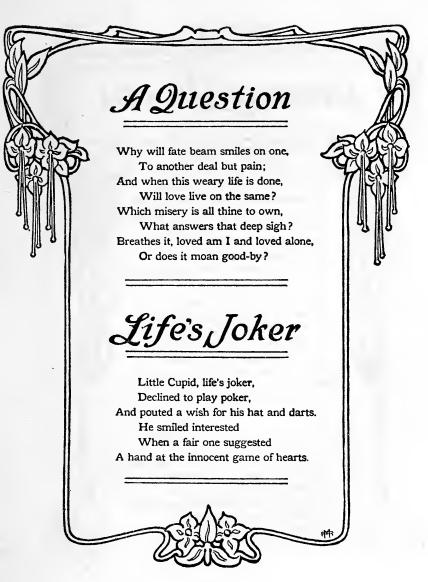


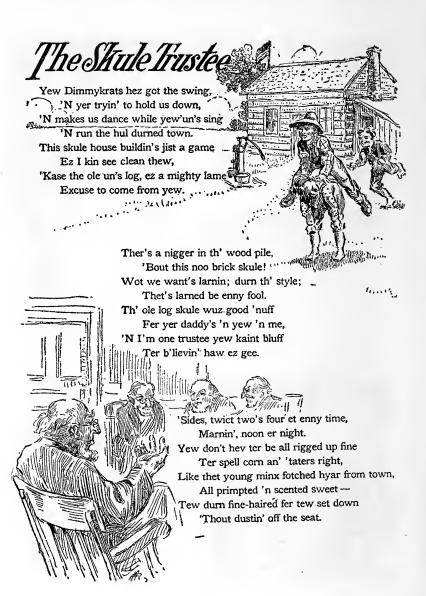


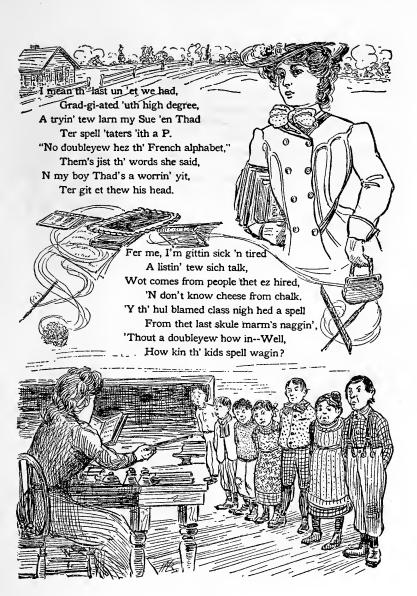


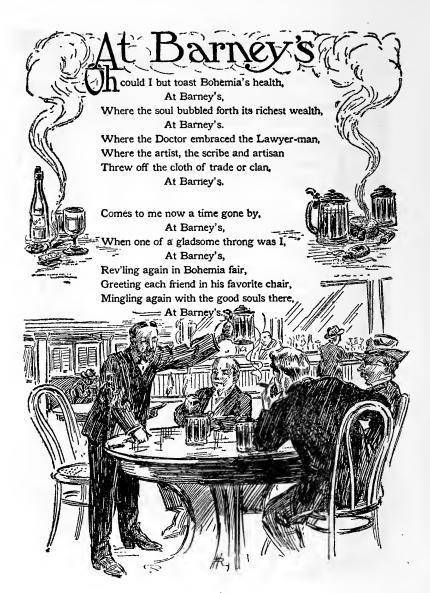


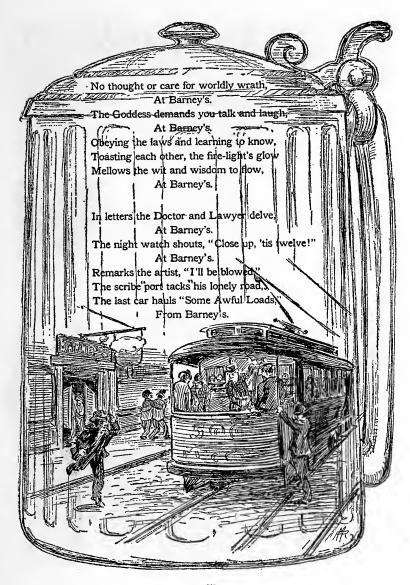


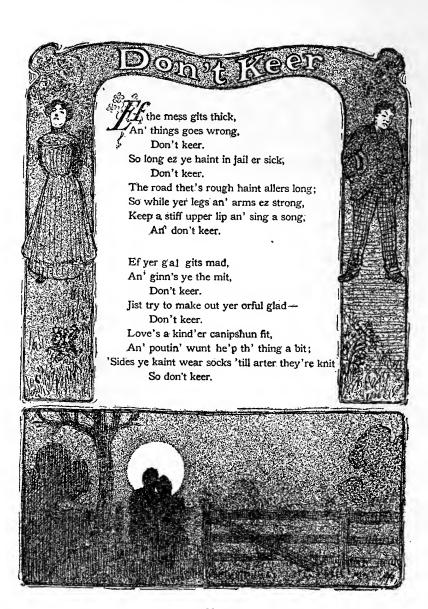


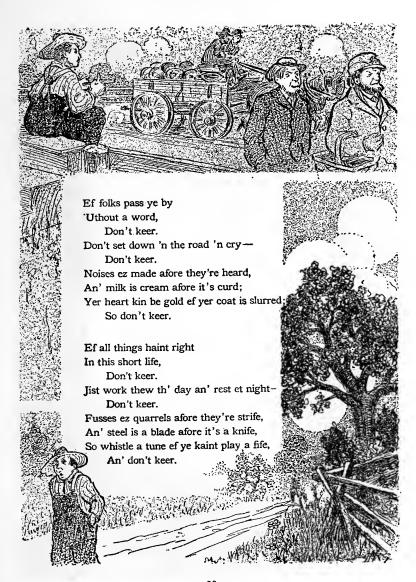


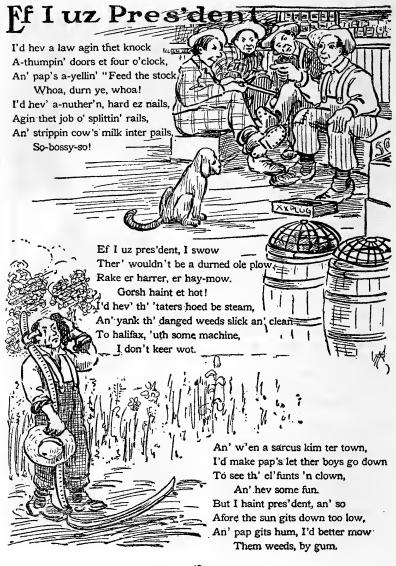


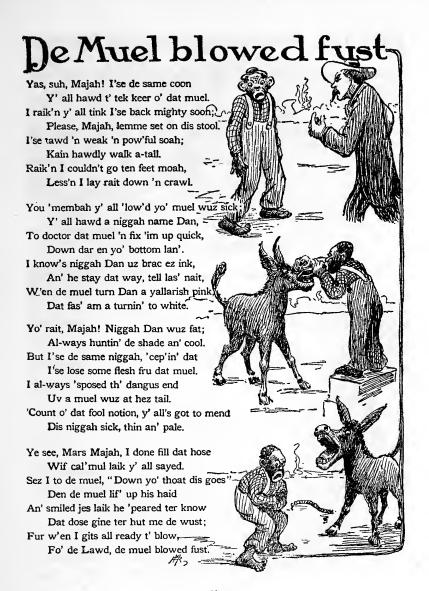


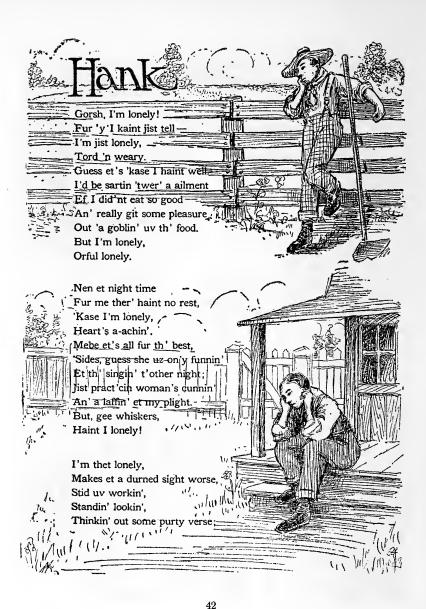


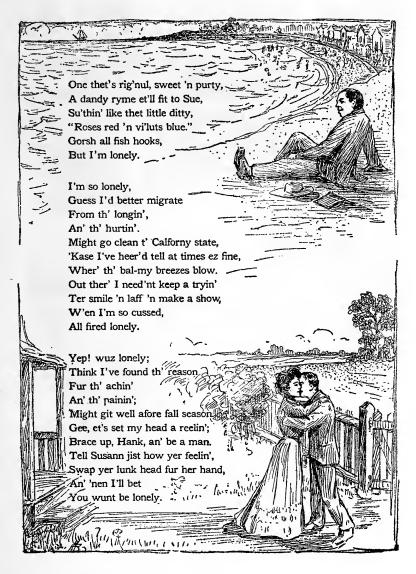


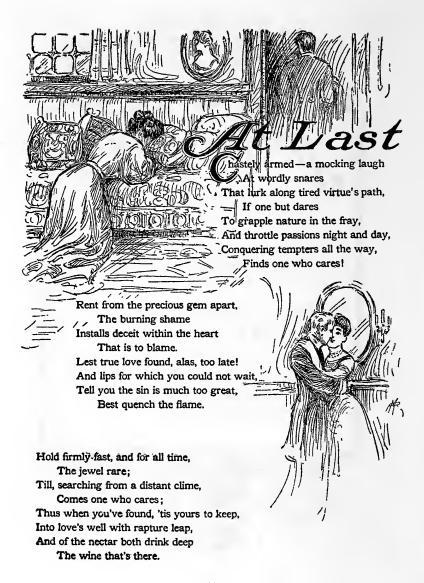


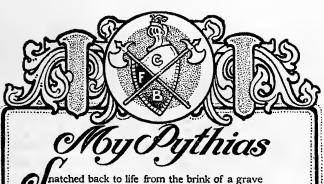










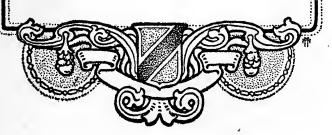


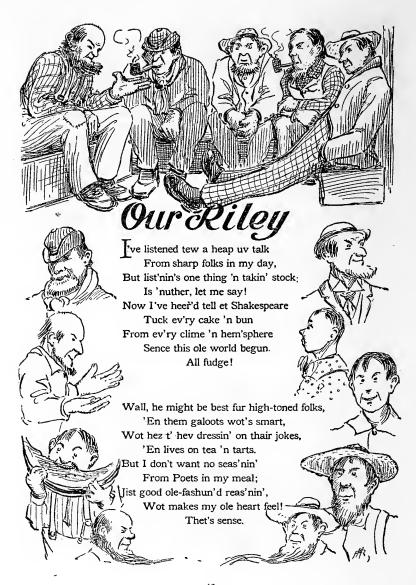
natched back to life from the brink of a grave
That reeks with a poisoned sin.
Unfettered, unyoked, no longer a slave,
Now my soul struggles out from within
The dank, dungeon walls, where vice held its own,
Imprisoned, from all set apart,
And flies with a message of gratitude home

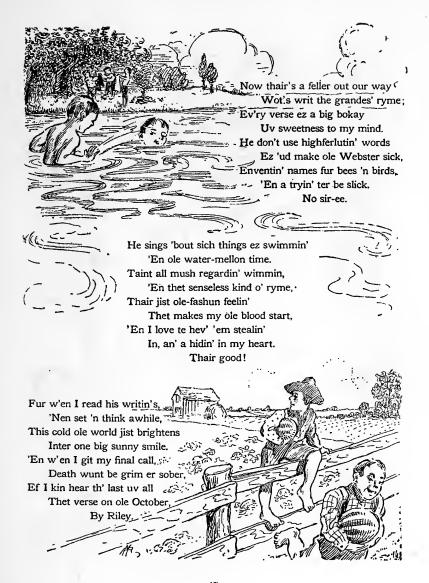
To Thee, Pythias of my heart.

Then list, while I sing how a link in the chain
Of friendship which circles the world
In benevolence went lost souls to reclaim,
Beneath charity's banner unfurled;
How surely he proved, 'neath the tenets bright glare,
The truth of high Pythian art,
And pointed the way to the great Chancellor's chair,

To me, Pythias of my heart.



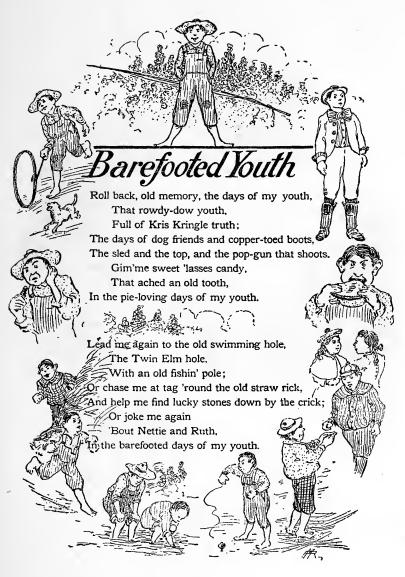


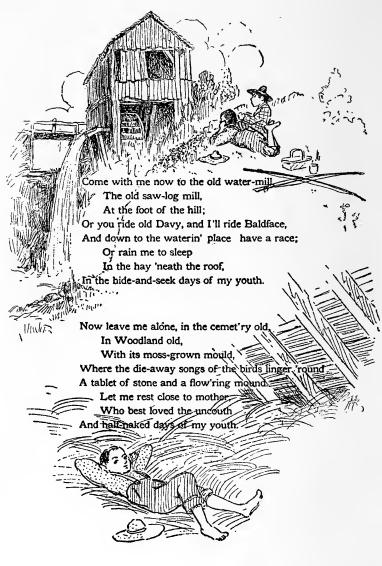
















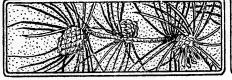
Old Evergreen



'Taint like th' rollin' o' th' sea,
Ner like th' sky above;
Et's suthin thet no 'un but me
'Ud liken unto love.
I've watched et loved 'un, an' I've seen
Ther' haint no flower er vine
Thet's faithful like ole evergreen,
Jist like this love o' mine.

Et's jist as green when winter's snow
Lays freezin' on th' ground
Ez it is amid th' summer's glow,
'Uth wild flowers bloomin' 'round.
'Uthout perfume er color sheen,
Et's faithfulness devine,
An' nawthin but ole evergreen
Is like this love o' mine.

So while some likens love to gold,
An' others holy things,
While some sez ther's ez on'y told
In th' flap o' angels' wings,
You'll know, dear loved 'un, what I mean
When life's chill winds air sigh'n,
A killin' all but evergreen,
An' this ole love o' mine.





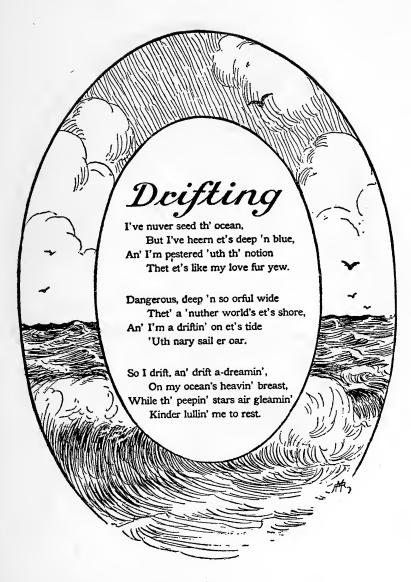


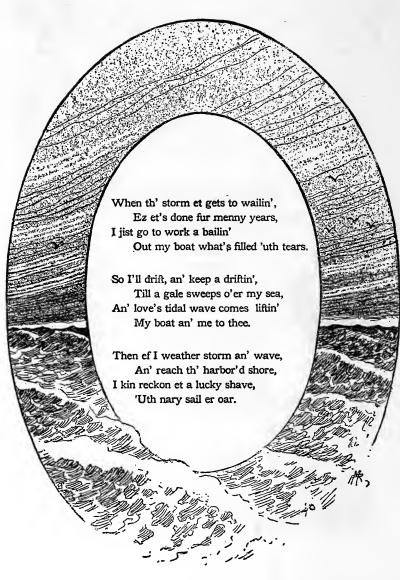








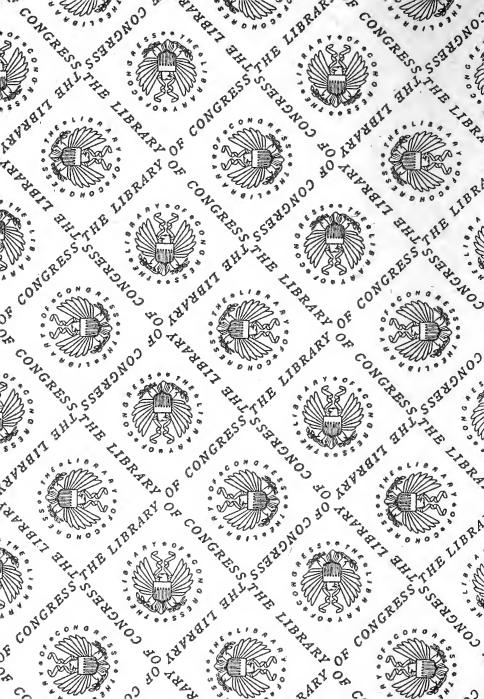


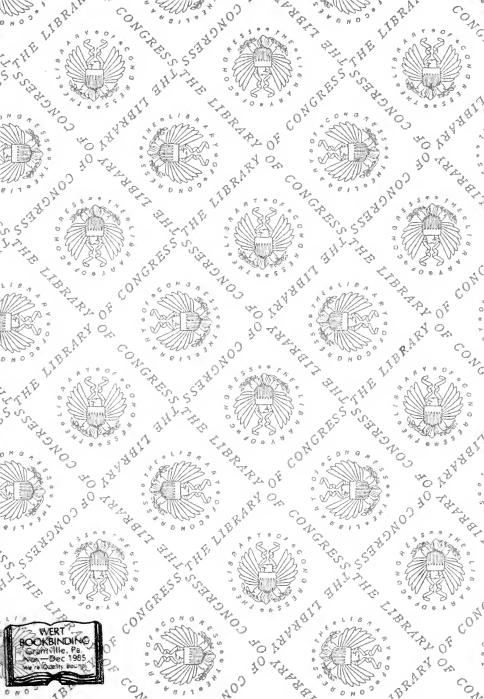












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